

MARVEL

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011

EWING
CAMAGNI
BLEE

X-MEN RED

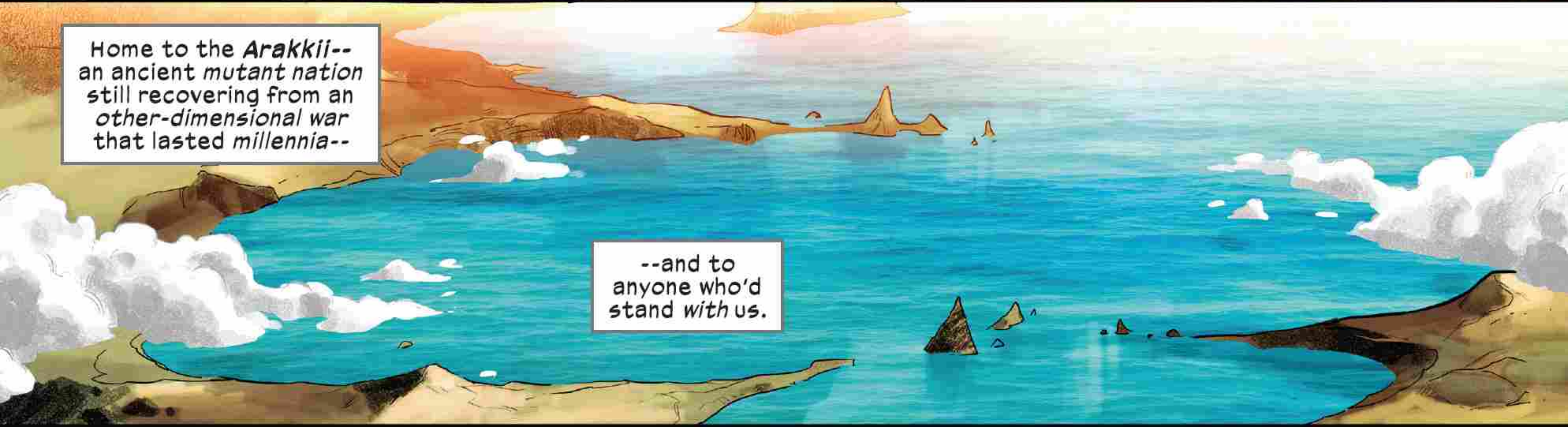




Once, this was
dead *Mars*.

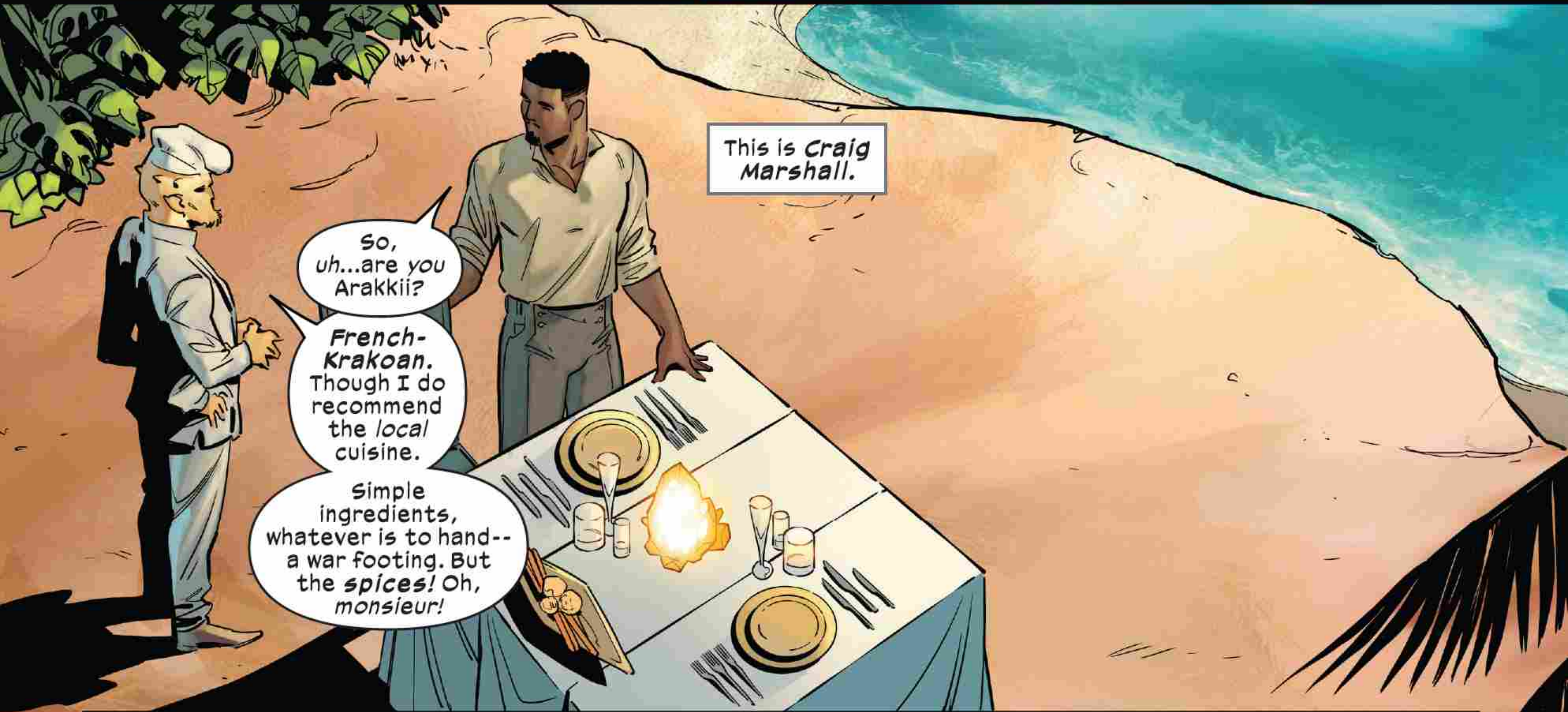
Then the mutants of
Krakoa gave it *new life*--
and a *new name*--

--*Planet
Arakko*.



Home to the *Arakkii*--
an ancient *mutant nation*
still recovering from an
other-dimensional war
that lasted *millennia*--

--and to
anyone who'd
stand *with us*.



This is *Craig
Marshall*.

So,
uh...are you
Arakkii?

*French-
Krakoan*.
Though I do
recommend
the *local*
cuisine.

Simple
ingredients,
whatever is to hand--
a war footing. But
the *spices*! Oh,
monsieur!



Oh
yeah. I know
all about the
Arakkii...

...*spice*...

He's a *NASA astronaut*.
He has a doctorate in
astrophysics and another
in *soil and crop sciences*.
He's made the cover of
NOW magazine twice.

He may be the most ordinary man I've ever been on a date with.

I don't think that will be a problem.

Hello, Craig.

Sorry to keep you waiting.

You look... *beyond words*, Ororo.

And suddenly, I feel very under-dressed...

Don't worry. The last person I had dinner with was *Doctor Doom*-- he didn't even take his *faceplate* off.

You're a vast improvement.

Oh? So is this a strictly diplomatic dinner?

Oof. That smile.

When was the last time someone actually *flirted* with me?



When was
the last time I
flirted *back*?

Let's
just say I'm
a firm believer in
human-mutant
relations...

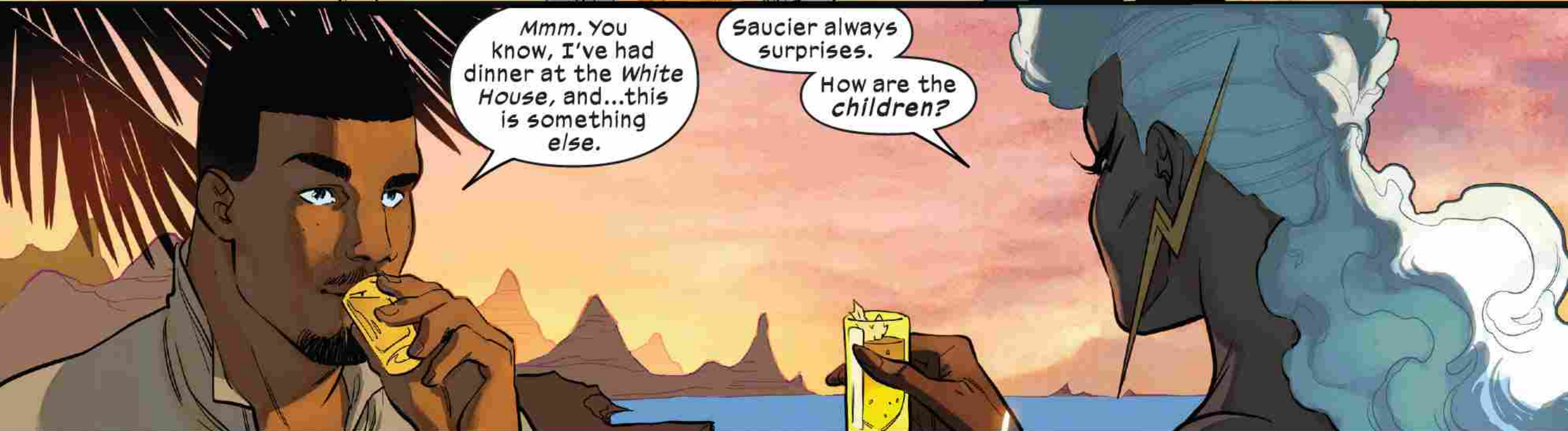


Ahem--
un amuse-
bouche.

A shot of
chilled Krakoa
gazpacho over caviar
from Sobunar's
ocean...

Thank you,
Saucier.

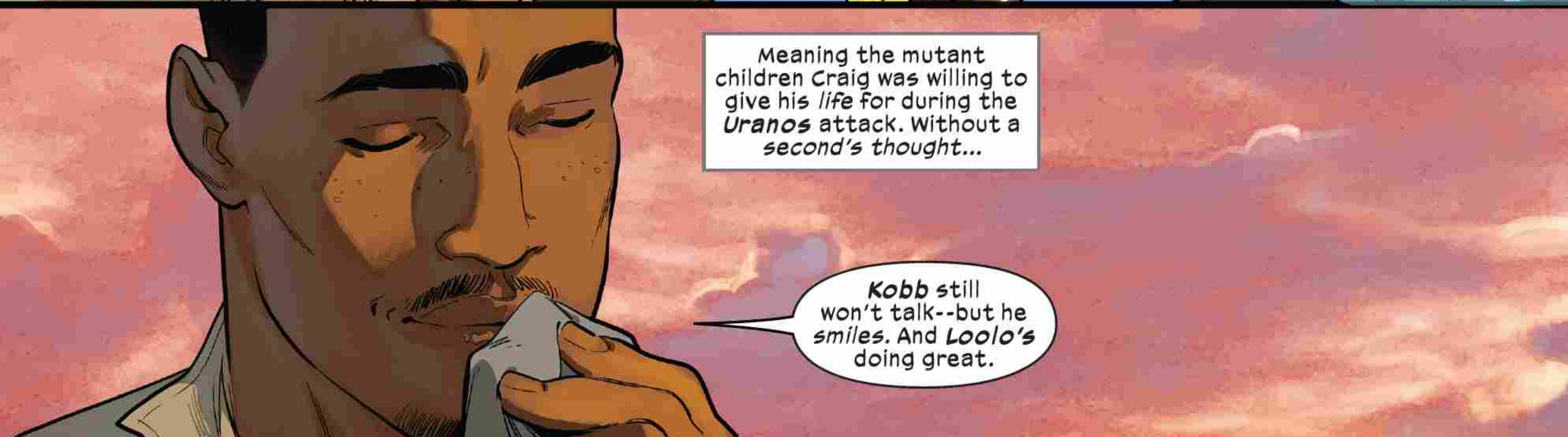
For saving me
from that *line*.
Kurt would have
blushed.



Mmm. You
know, I've had
dinner at the *White
House*, and...this
is something
else.

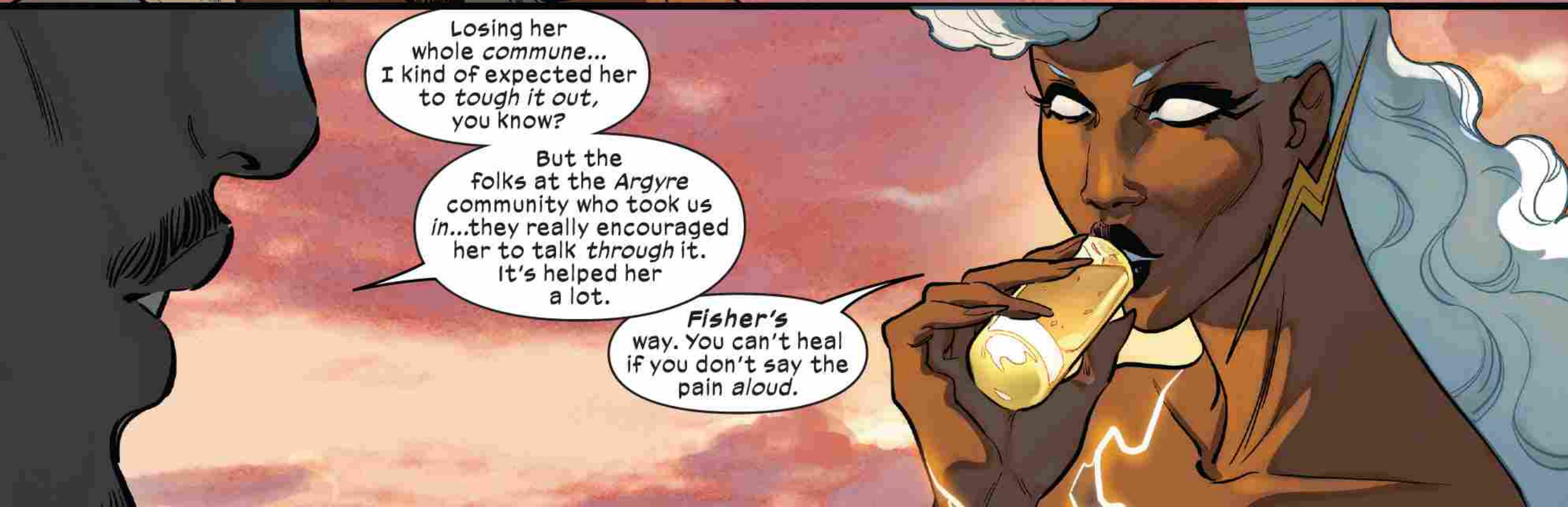
Saucier always
surprises.

How are the
children?



Meaning the mutant
children Craig was willing to
give his *life* for during the
Uranos attack. Without a
second's thought...

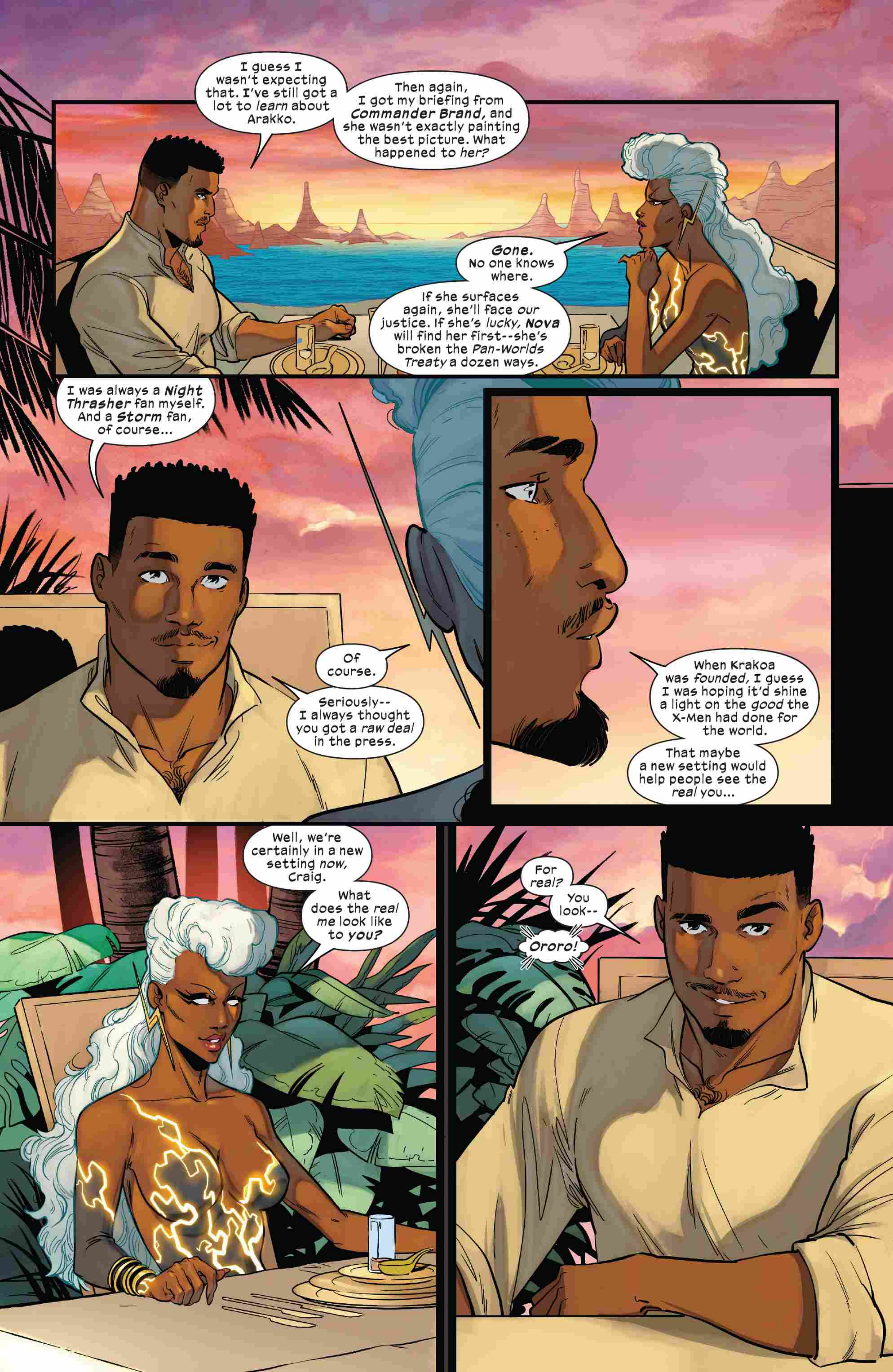
Kobb still
won't talk--but he
smiles. And *Loolo's*
doing great.



Losing her
whole *commune*...
I kind of expected her
to *tough it out*,
you know?

But the
folks at the *Argyre*
community who took us
in...they really encouraged
her to *talk through it*.
It's helped her
a lot.

Fisher's
way. You can't heal
if you don't say the
pain *aloud*.



I guess I wasn't expecting that. I've still got a lot to *learn* about Arakko.

Then again, I got my briefing from **Commander Brand**, and she wasn't exactly painting the best picture. What happened to her?

Gone.
No one knows where.

If she surfaces again, she'll face our justice. If she's *lucky*, **Nova** will find her first--she's broken the *Pan-Worlds Treaty* a dozen ways.

I was always a *Night Thrasher* fan myself. And a *Storm* fan, of course...

Of course.

Seriously-- I always thought you got a *raw deal* in the press.

When Krakoa was *founded*, I guess I was hoping it'd shine a light on the *good* the X-Men had done for the world.

That maybe a new setting would help people see the *real* you...

Well, we're certainly in a new setting now, Craig.

What does the *real* me look like to you?

For real?

You look--

Ororo!



I'm afraid I need you to cut your *meeting* short and join me on Krakoa at once.

We need to talk about Erik.

When I was young, *Charles Xavier* inserted himself into my life to tell me what I was *not*. And for years after, I followed *his dream*.

Now he summons me again--his *soldier*--as if *nothing* has changed in all the years since.



But too much has.

...
I'm sorry, Craig.



You'll have to tell me on the *second date*.

Yes, Charles.

We need to talk.

SOUTHERN
ARAKKO PRIME.



So, how do you think it's going?

Not great.

The Proscenium is gone--**destroyed**. Pete and Gamora are dealing with that--and I try not to worry, but Glorp knows where they even are--*

--and **I'm** keeping an eye on all the fires back home. Rebel Skrulls, rogue Brood...the Alliance and the Shi'ar still ready to draw down at a moment's notice...

...and my Nova-sense is still tingling about *this* place. With no Proscenium, the **Lake Hellas Diplomatic Zone** is the biggest interstellar forum going.

Which makes Arakko a big target for **somebody** out there...

*Check out the new **GUARDIANS OF THE GALAXY** series for more! --JDW



But--my therapist said he'd quit unless I took *six* hours off each and every week.

So here I am, hot-tubbing while the galaxy burns...

Wise.

A warrior who cannot rest can only **die**, Richard Rider.





Excellent point, Kobak-- but I was talking about Storm's date.

Much as I'm a huge fan of our resident *Galactic Supercop*...

I'm not a cop, exactly--

--wait, does the *Hague* have cops?



I mean, my beat is *planet-level emergencies* and *mass sentient-rights violations*. I'm not arresting shoplifters at the space mall.

And at least I'm not some *narcissistic billionaire* in a *fancy suit*...



How dare you. I'm *completely naked*, unlike some I could mention...

Nova Force overload. I need to keep *something* on or my cells start degrading.

A likely story.



I'll show you how a *Da Costa* responds to an *insult*, Rider.

The game is *soccer*--*New Mutants* versus *New Warriors*. We'll have you crying for your mothers by halftime.



Make it *basketball* and you're on, rich kid.

Hey, speaking of--did I hear *Firestar* was on Krakoa now...?

Apologies, my friends. The sun sinks low--

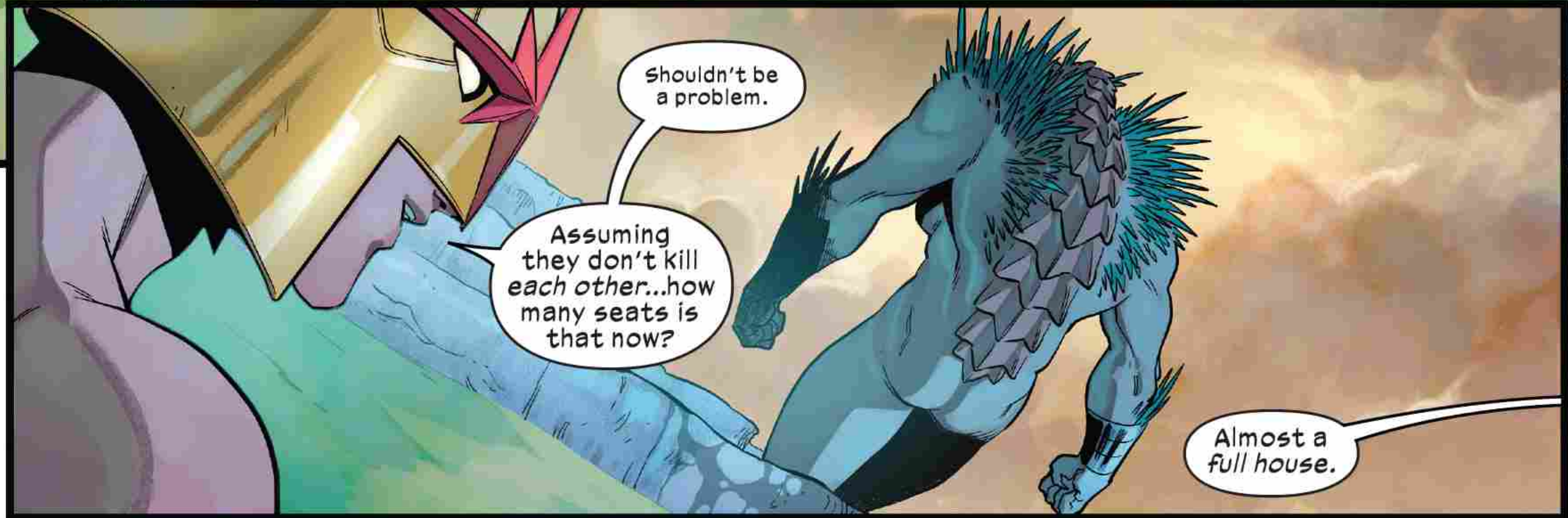
--and I am due to battle *Calderak* in the Circle Perilous, in final conflict for the *Seat of Victory*.



I have no plans to yield. When you see me again, either I will have earned my place on the *Great Ring*--or I will be dead.

Do not wish me *luck*--for I will prevail by my *spines* and my *strength* or not at all.

But if I do not return... *remember me*, my friends.



Shouldn't be a problem.

Assuming they don't kill each other...how many seats is that now?

Almost a full house.



Under the *Law of Logos*, there are preliminary events before battle in the *Circle*--tests of fitness for the role.

The new *Seat of Dreams* is at that stage--but the *Seat of Stalemate* was decided yesterday.



Have you met *Lycaon* yet?

Can't say I have...

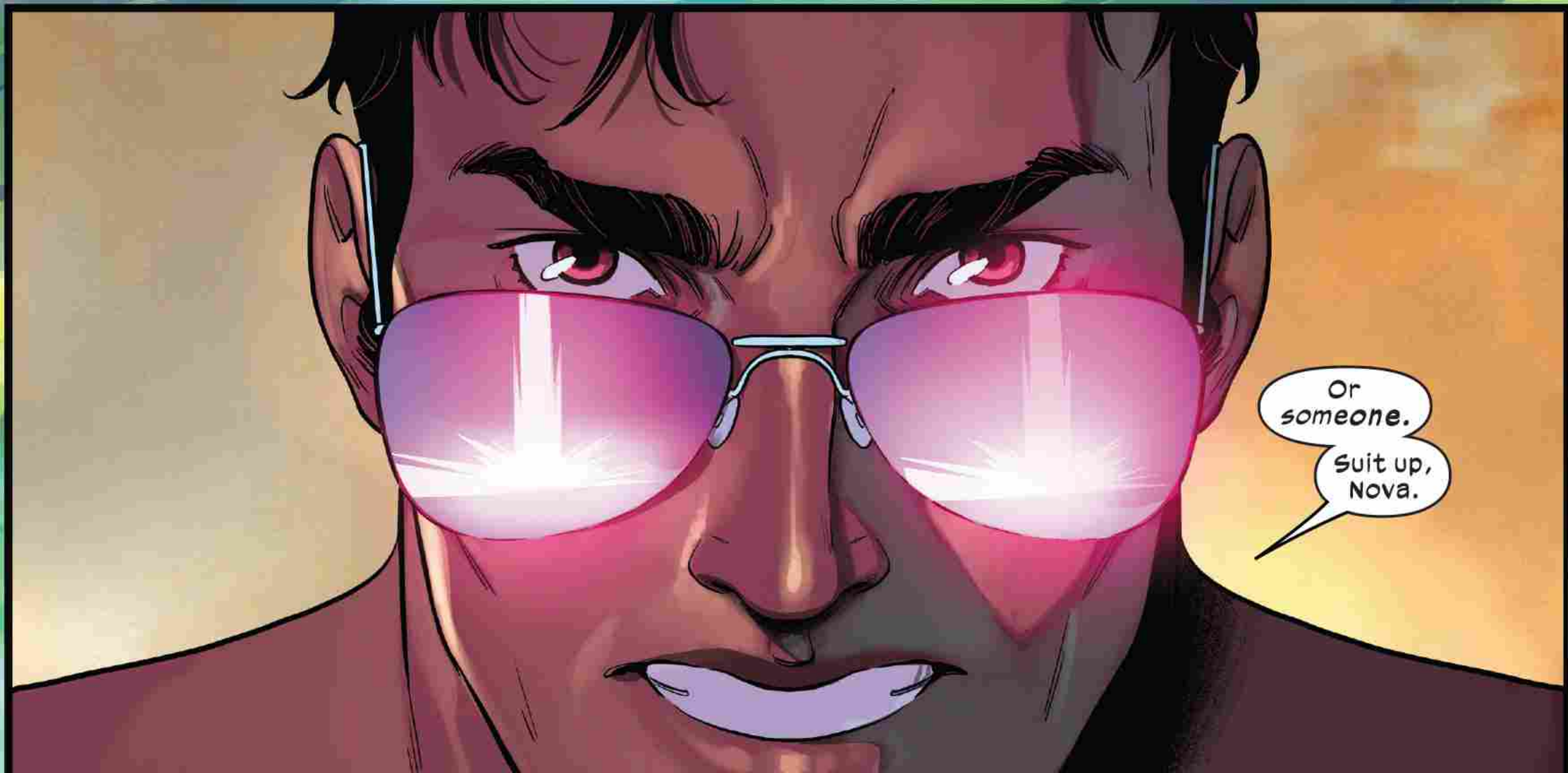
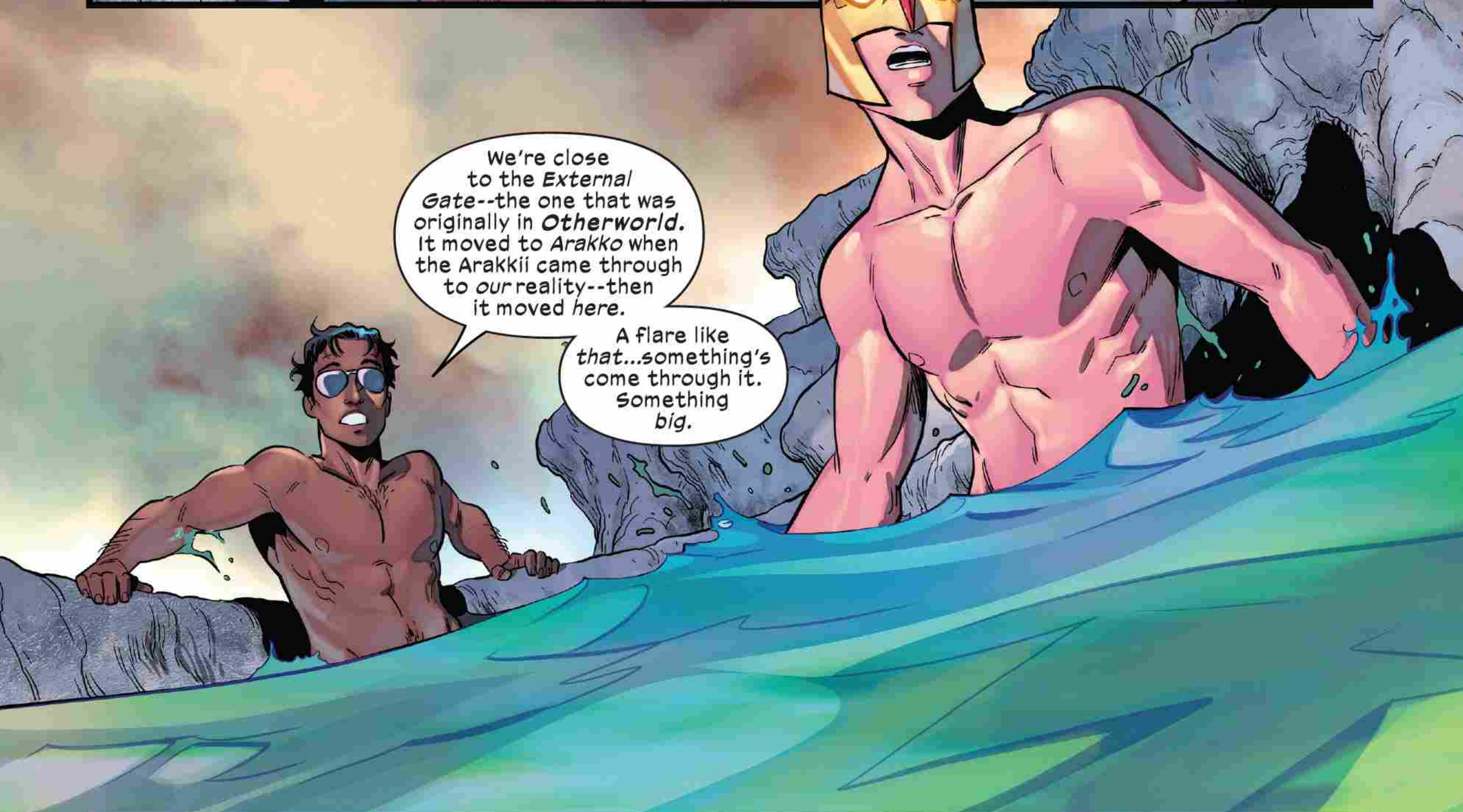
They're a little more *imposing* than poor *Idyll* was. Imagine an *Omega Wolverine*.



And then *double* it--

CHROOUM

What the--?



"This could become
apocalyptic."

Charles.

Ororo.

I apologize if
I called you away
from anything
important...

It depends
how you *define* the
word. I was taking a
little time for myself--
a commodity in
short supply.

But nothing
as *important* as,
say, nurturing the crops
of the people who gave
me a home and support
when I had neither.

Had you
called me away
from *that* work,
Charles...

...we
might have
a problem.



The world
I offer is not
beautiful--but it
is real--far more real
than the fantasy
you're living
now.

You are no
goddess, Ororo. You are
a mutant--and you have
responsibilities.

...
You still
resent me coming
to you as I did?
All those years
ago?

Cyclops is shown in profile, wearing his iconic visor and dark uniform, looking slightly down and to the side.

You told me
I lived in *fantasy*.
I was young enough
to believe it.

To believe
that *helping my
people survive* was
worth *less* than
helping *you*...

Ororo is shown in a close-up, looking upwards with a determined and somewhat angry expression.

And was I wrong? How many
times have you *saved the
world*, Ororo?

How often
have the X-Men
saved the *universe*
only because *you
were there*?

Cyclops is shown in profile, looking towards the right with a serious expression.

The greatest good for the
greatest number. Life as
mathematics.

As if there is no
mathematician deciding
who plays the *remainder* in
their cold equations...

Ororo is shown in a close-up, looking directly forward with a stern expression.

My hand was *forced*.
My X-Men were
dying, Ororo!

My *children*--
and *I was alone*!
I didn't even have
Erik to turn
to--

Cyclops is shown in a close-up, looking upwards with a pained and desperate expression.

Max.
His name was
Max.

Ororo is shown in a close-up, looking downwards with a somber expression.



...
Of course. I'm sorry.



I know he went back to his birth name, but... Erik Lehnsherr... Magnus...
...he was my oldest friend, who I knew as well as I know myself.



But I never knew Max.
He never let me.



"And I suppose that's why I asked you here. Now...I have to know.

"When Magnus died, I was engaged in psychic warfare on a scale you cannot imagine. I felt him die...but I had no time for the fine details.

"Or so I told myself. The truth was, I flinched. I could not look at it.

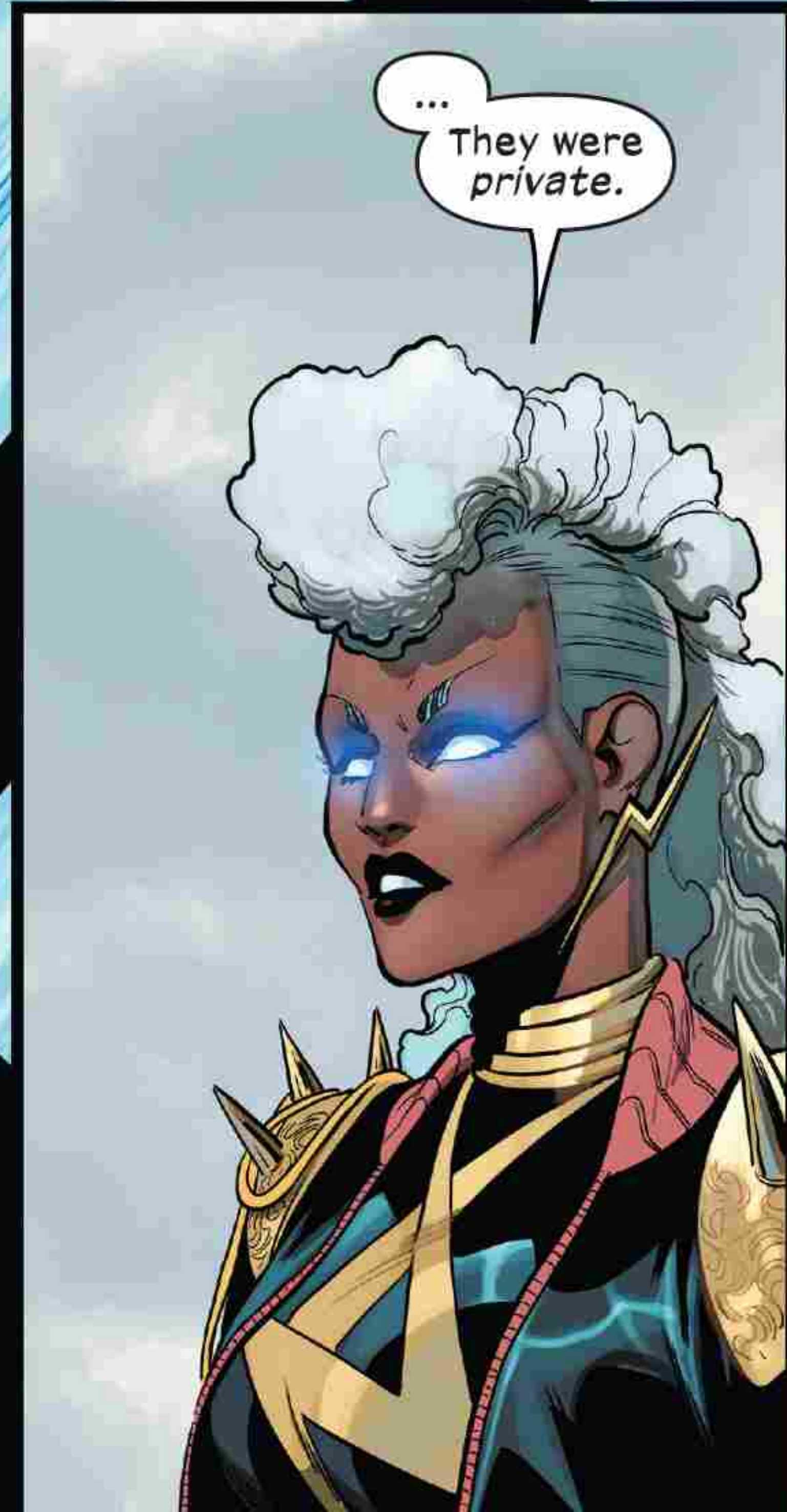
"I didn't have the strength."



But now...now I am sole captain of the ship of state.
And this business with Sinister...how he infected me with his psyche...
I must know, Ororo.



What did he know? When did he know it?
What were Magneto's last words?



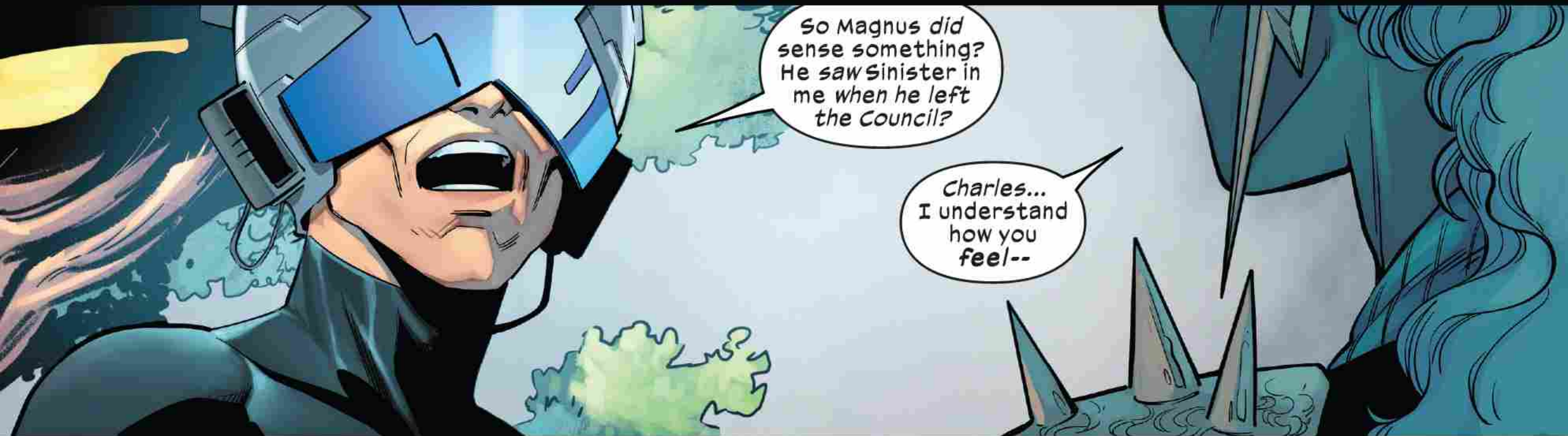
...
They were private.



Not from me.

From you, most of all.

This talk of being "sole captain"... like a *king on a throne*, as if the Quiet Council are merely *courtiers* to be summoned--



So Magnus did sense something? He saw *Sinister* in me when he left the Council?

Charles... I understand how you *feel--*



The *blazes* you do!

He was my oldest friend! He died in your arms!

I have a right to know what he said to you, and I am not **ASKING**, Ororo!



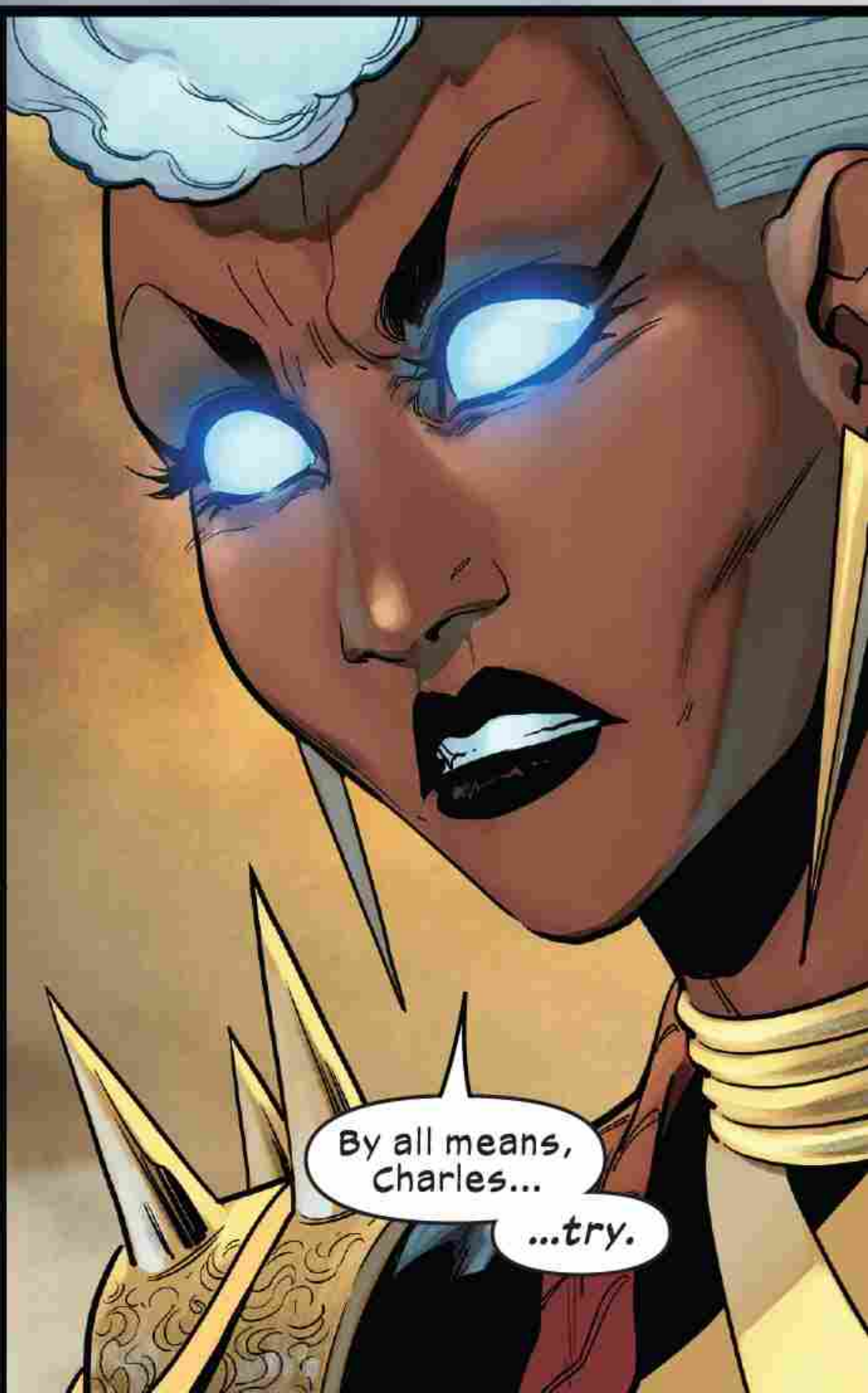
I am no longer an X-Man-- and you no longer lead them.

I *respect* your grief, Charles. But I must *ask--* in what capacity do you presume to order me?

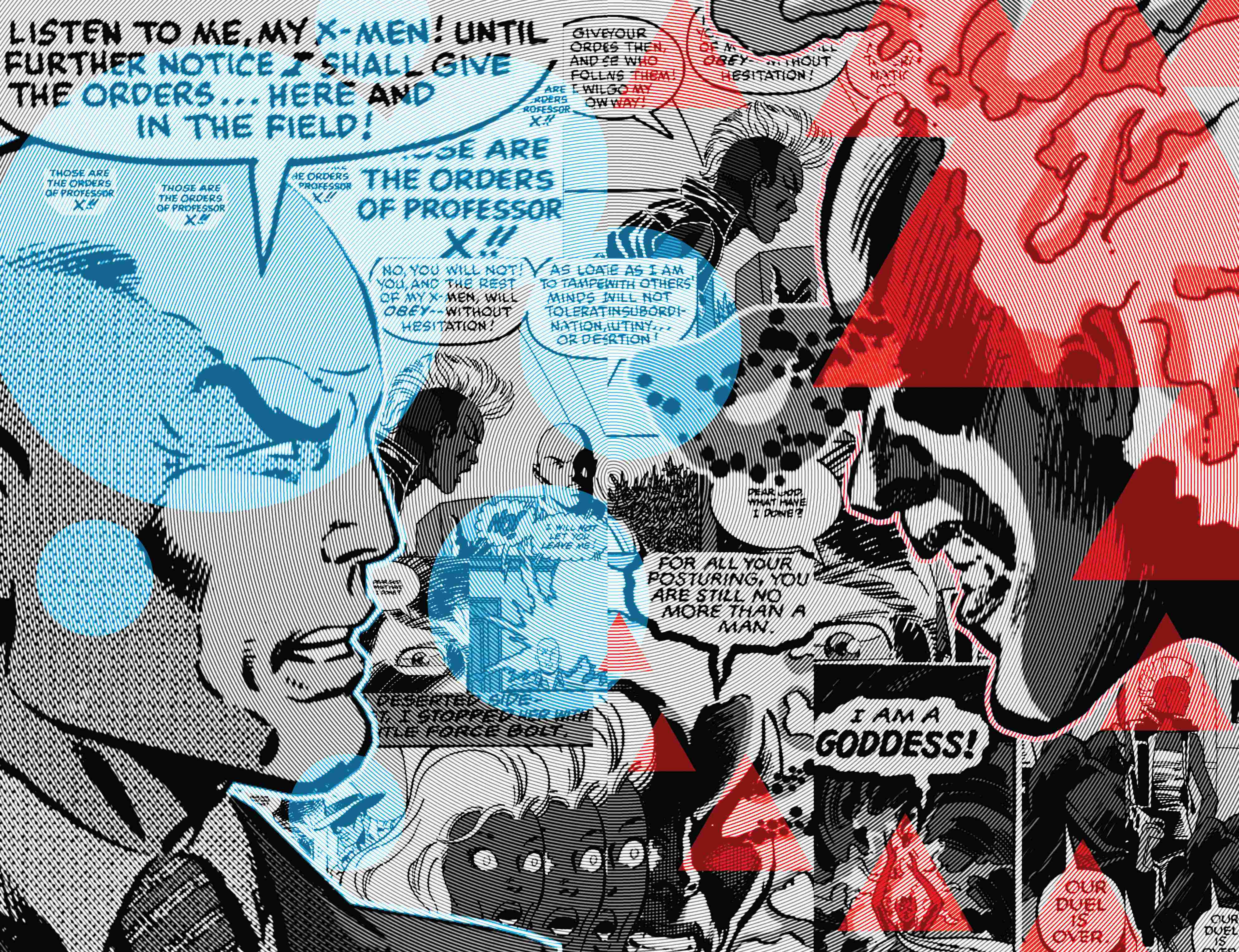


You know I can simply read your *surface* memories?

You wouldn't even *feel* it.



By all means, Charles...
...*try*.



LISTEN TO ME, MY X-MEN! UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE I SHALL GIVE THE ORDERS... HERE AND IN THE FIELD!

THOSE ARE THE ORDERS OF PROFESSOR X!!

THOSE ARE THE ORDERS OF PROFESSOR X!!

THE ORDERS OF PROFESSOR X!!

THESE ARE THE ORDERS OF PROFESSOR X!!

GIVE YOUR ORDERS THEN, AND SEE WHO FOLLOWS THEM! I WILL GO MY OWN WAY!

I WILL OBEY-- WITHOUT HESITATION!

A FANTASY NATION!

NO, YOU WILL NOT! YOU, AND THE REST OF MY X-MEN, WILL OBEY-- WITHOUT HESITATION!

AS LONG AS I AM TO TAMP WITH OTHERS' MINDS, I WILL NOT TOLERATE SUBORDINATION, UTILITY... OR DESERTION!

DEAR LORD, WHAT HAVE I DONE?

FOR ALL YOUR POSTURING, YOU ARE STILL NO MORE THAN A MAN.

I AM A GODDESS!

OUR DUEL IS OVER.

OUR DUEL IS OVER.

DESERTED SIDE- I STOPPED HER WITH THE FORCE BOLT.



AAAAH!



You...
you repelled
my psychic
probe...

As you
yourself taught
me to--as you
taught *all of us*.
Your "Red Triangle"
psychic defense
protocol.

To be
called on if we
ever had to face a
telepath with *evil*
intentions...

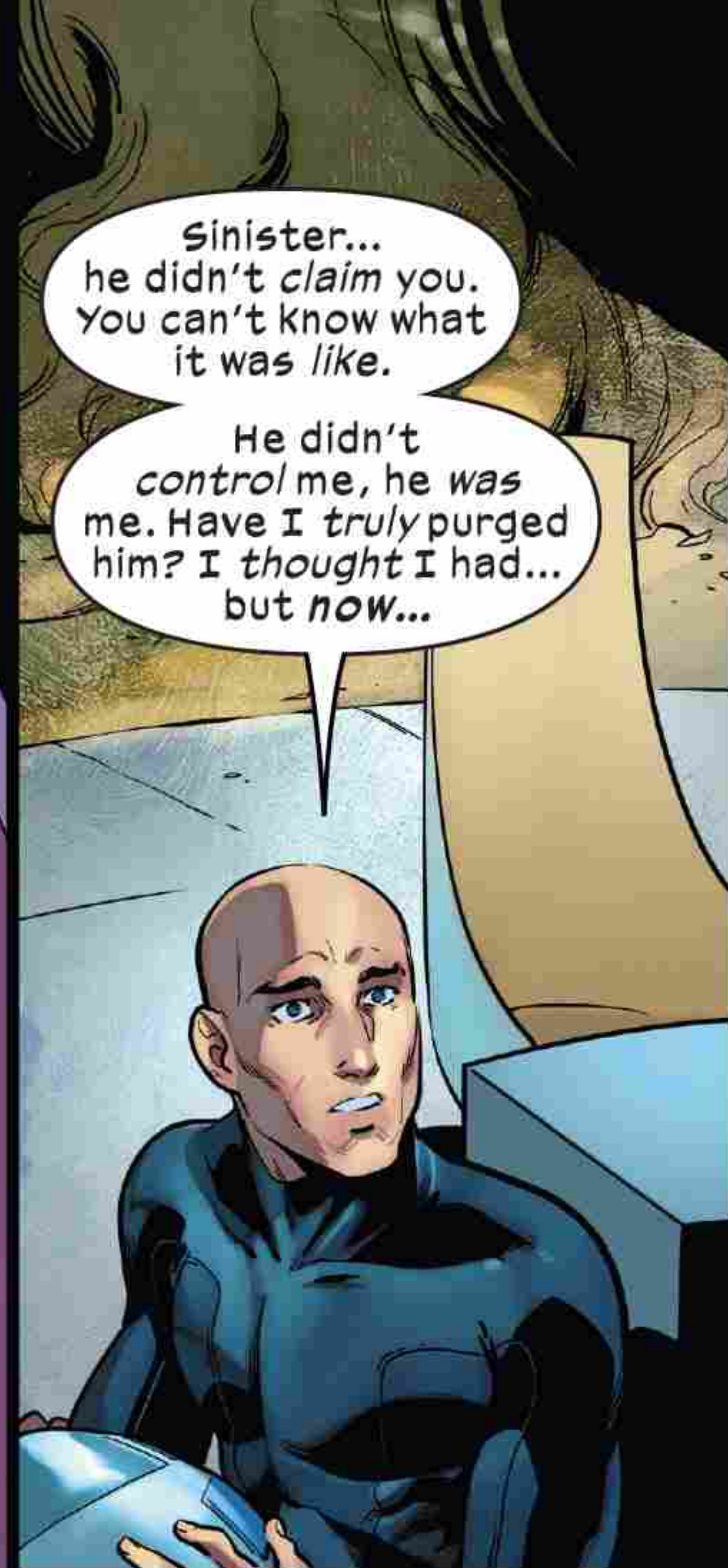


...or one
who had *lost*
control.

What's
happening to you,
Charles?

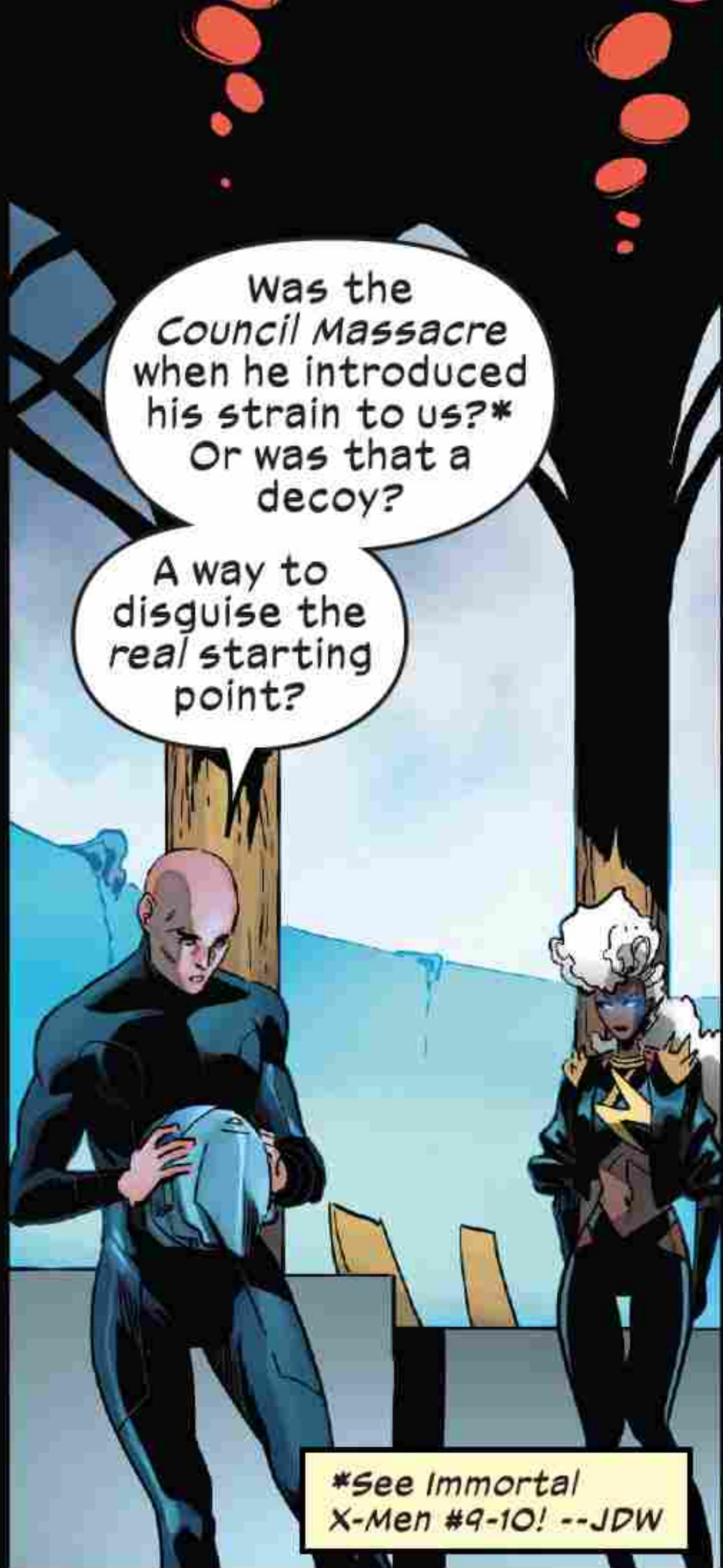


...
I'm
afraid.



Sinister...
he didn't *claim* you.
You can't know what
it was like.

He didn't
control me, he was
me. Have I *truly* purged
him? I *thought* I had...
but *now*...



Was the
Council Massacre
when he introduced
his strain to us? *
Or was that a
decoy?

A way to
disguise the
real starting
point?

*See *Immortal*
X-Men #9-10! --JDW



"It's not *what* he did that
haunts me, Ororo, it's
when. Because before
Krakoa--before *any* of
this--we came to him.

"Resurrection is based
on *his* genetic database.
His *evil* is the foundation
of our greatest good.

"If our Eden has a
serpent, it wears
a *diamond* on
its head."



Or a *club*
or a *spade* or
a *heart*. Either way,
we are surrounded by
enemies--within
and *without*.



Those who
hate us for
our *successes*
as a mutant
nation...

...and those
who hate us for
where we have
failed.

Moira
lost her faith
and turned
against us.

Max lost
his and turned
away.



If I lose
my faith...*can*
our nation
survive?



Already, there
are so many *cracks*
in the bedrock. And
I'm not a *fool*,
Ororo.

I know
that things are
being *kept*
from me.



"And I've *allowed* it.
I've spent my *whole life*
closing my eyes to what
I could so *easily* pry into.

"But if I had looked into
Sinister's mind, forced his
secrets from him--how much
pain would it have spared
the universe?



"Multiple *timelines*, Ororo.
Trillions of lives, created
and destroyed...and I could
have *stopped* it.

"I could have
ransacked
his mind at
any time..."

That's how
he used my power,
of course--to *violate*
private thoughts.
To *control*.

yet how
many times have
I crossed that same
line? Just now, in my
anger, I attempted
it *again*.



So am I
him? Is that me?
What is the
difference?

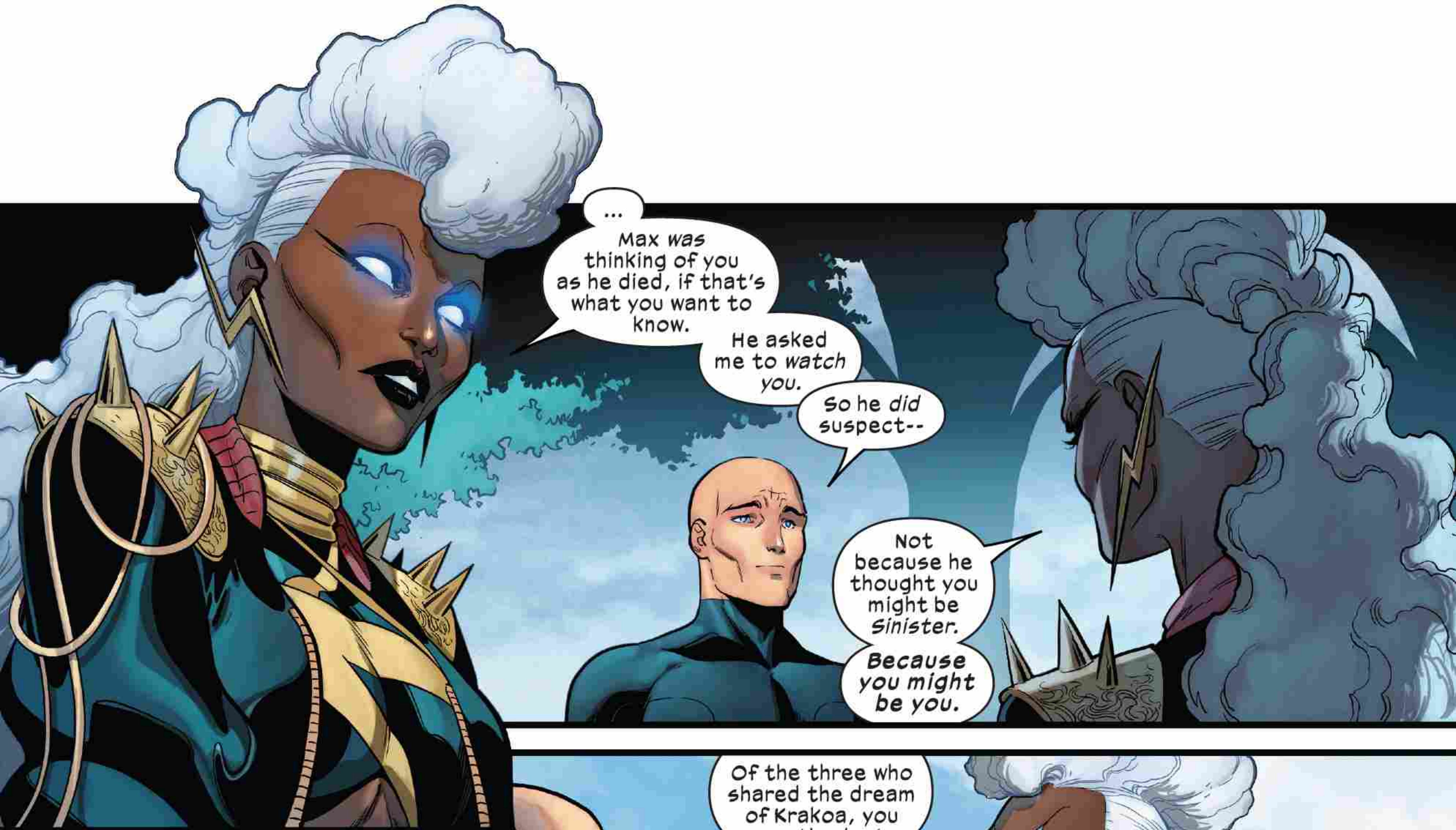
The
luxury of my
guilt?



And when
paradise is *lost* for
that guilt. Because when
action was needed...
I *hesitated*.

What
excuse
will I give
then?





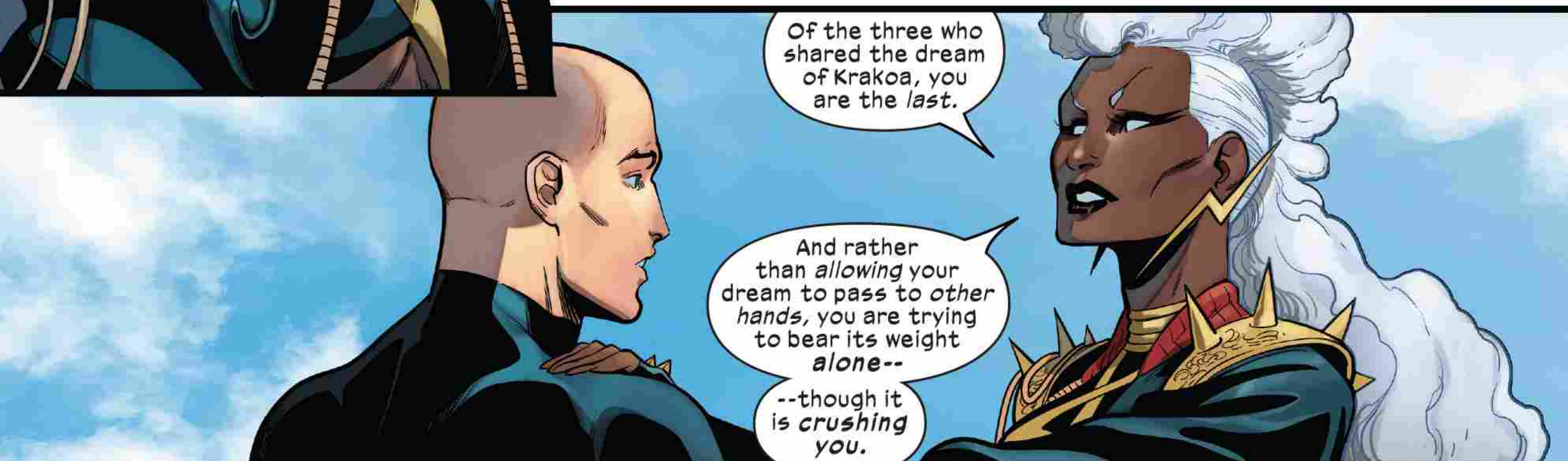
...
Max was
thinking of you
as he died, if that's
what you want to
know.

He asked
me to watch
you.

So he did
suspect--

Not
because he
thought you
might be
Sinister.

*Because
you might
be you.*



Of the three who
shared the dream
of Krakoa, you
are the last.

And rather
than *allowing* your
dream to pass to *other
hands*, you are trying
to bear its weight
alone--

--though it
is *crushing*
you.



I'd like
to think that a
measure of *concern*
lay at the root of Max's
request, Charles.
He *was* your
friend.

But after
today?

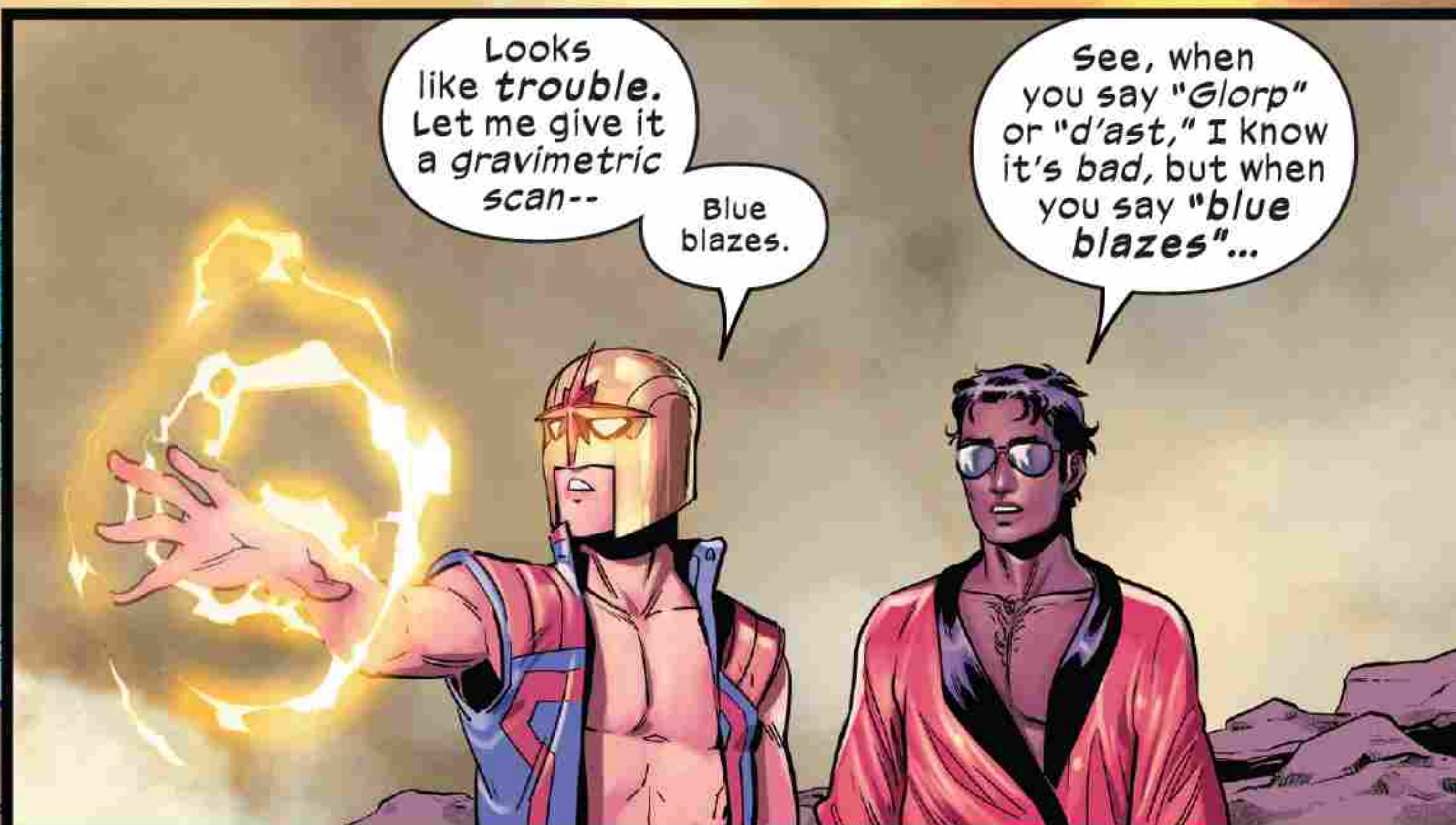
*I am
not.*

Don't
take the gate
to Arakko
again.

THE EXTERNAL
GATE OF ARAKKO.



...
That
doesn't look
like a gate
to me.



Looks
like *trouble*.
Let me give it
a gravimetric
scan--

Blue
blazes.

See, when
you say "*Glorp*"
or "*d'ast*," I know
it's bad, but when
you say "*blue
blazes*"...



...It's *real*
bad.

These
readings...it's
like something's
cutting through
space.

Carving a
path between
realities--closer
to us with every
swing.



Who has
that kind of
power?

Who...or
what.

Otherworld
has weapons
we *can't*
imagine...



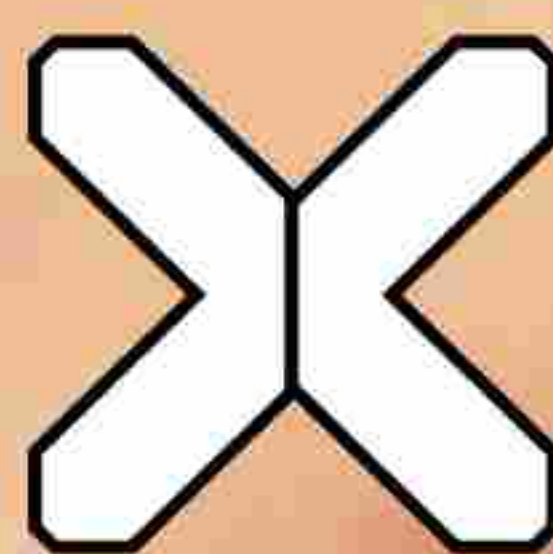
It's
flaring!

Get
behind
me--



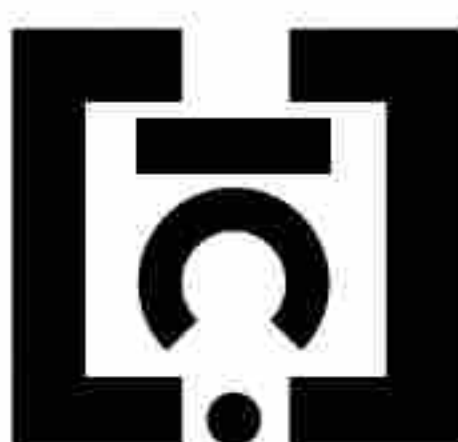
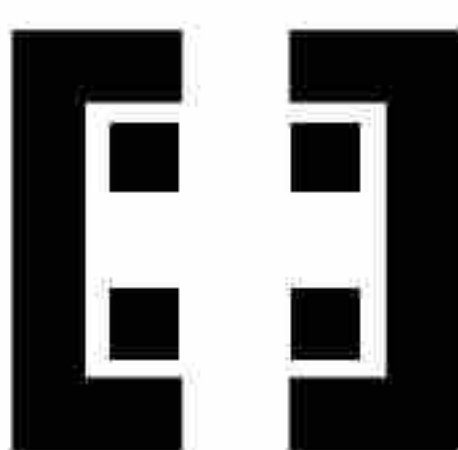
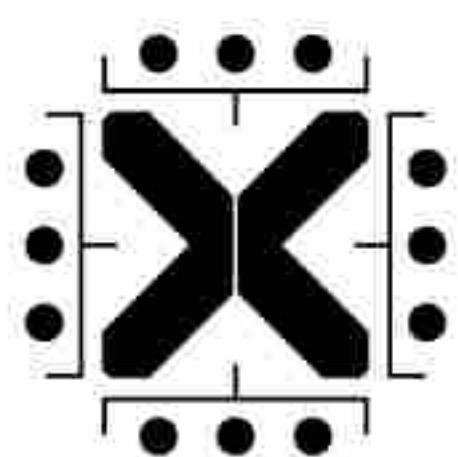


"...Genesis
is coming."



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The logo features the word "ZETA" in a large, bold, black, sans-serif font. To the left of the text is a vertical column of symbols: a circle with a dot inside, a circle with three vertical lines inside, a circle with a dot inside, a circle with a dot inside, a circle with a dot inside, and a circle with a dot inside.



“What it means
to be Arakkii”

12

ISSUE:

IMMORTAL X-MEN #11

X-MEN: BEFORE THE FALL - SONS OF X #1

ROGUE & GAMBIT #3

WOLVERINE #33

➤ X-MEN RED #11

X-FORCE #40

X-MEN #22

BISHOP: WAR COLLEGE #4

NEW MUTANTS LETHAL LEGION #3

STORM #1

BETSY BRADDOCK: CAPTAIN BRITAIN #4

DEADPOOL #7

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[kra_[0.0]...]
[koa_[0.0]...]
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